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William Preston Davies

ALL OF US HAVE HEARD jubilee singers, some good, some less good, and some awful. Not all of us have heard the original company, which gave to that form of musical expression its name. Many are too young for this to have been possible, and many of those who are older never had the opportunity. To those who did hear the original company, which was sent out from Fisk university, of Nashville, Tennessee, there will be interest in the following article from the New York Times of January 22:

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"WHEN THE FISK UNIVERsity choir, which is to be heard here Thursday night, January 26, at Carnegie Hall in a concert of negro spirituals and other choral music, opened its first concert tour in Cincinnati last Sunday afternoon the newspapers there reminded their readers of another concert of Fisk singers in that city some 60 years before in which some dramatic chapter in American musical history we begun.

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"THAT EARLIER CONCERT, held in Vine street Congregational church on the day of the Chicago fire, October 8, 1871, was the first public appearance of the soon to be famous Jubilee Singers, then a timorous little band of eleven students, former slaves, all still in their teens. It was the beginning of a tour that was to make known to the world the folk-music of the negro.

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"THE JUBILEE SINGERS sang their way East, barely making ends meet. Their success did not begin until they appeared in Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth church in Brooklyn, when, it is significant, they introduced into their repertory for the first time the songs of their own race. They did so reluctantly. These songs were "slave songs," and the youthful singers, so close to slavery, wanted to leave them behind. The showman Beecher had no such hesitancy. He wrote to his friends: 'Avail yourself of a rare opportunity to hear a style of music rapidly passing away. They will charm any audience sure. They make their mark by giving the 'spirituals' and plantation hymns as only they can sing them who know how to keep time to a master's whip.'

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"THE PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM that mounted rapidly after this swept the Jubilee Singers across the North and East, and beyond the sea to Europe. They sang 'Go Down, Moses' for Queen Victoria, 'No Auction Block for Me' for the Prince of Wales. They were received at Potsdam, they gave fifty-two concerts in Stockholm.

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"IN THE YEARS SINCE 1871, while successive small groups of Jubilee Singers have continued their concert tours, Fisk university has carried on among its students a twofold musical tradition —it has sought to preserve the spirituals and at the same time to direct the negro genius for singing to all the world's great choral music. The university choir has been trained according to this principle. Ray Francis Brown, director of the choir, has found it a natural step for his singers to pass from the unaccompanied spirituals to unaccompanied Palestrina and Bach, and back again to the spirituals with a deeper sense of responsibility for peculiar musical heritage."
peculiar musical hritage."

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I HEARD THAT FAMOUS COMpany about 1880. The company had then returned from its first European tour—I think others were made—and it was then at the very pinnacle of its fame. Since then I have heard many companies of Jubilee singers, but the impression made by that first experience has never been clouded or effaced.

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DR. J. E. ENGSTAD CONTRIbutes this bit of early telephone history:

"In your 'That Reminds Me' column, some time ago you gave a little space to the defunct telephone system in Grand Forks, which, I believe, was the third central system in our land.

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"IN MY STUDENT DAYS AT LaCrosse, a Mr. Hanscombe, proprietor of a shoe store, permitted anyone who bought a pair of shoes in his store to talk into a little disk on the wall. The answer would immediately come back from his residence. That was, I believe, in 1877.

* * *

"SOON AFTER MY ARRIVAL in Grand Forks, early in March, in 1885, I was told that the telephone company had scrapped the telephone system, and that the wire had been thrown onto the bank of the river. The first clear day I salvaged about a thousand feet of this wire, which I stored away for future use. Immediately after our marriage I felt the need of a telephone. Dr. Wheeler, then the railroad physician, was connected to the depot and to his residence by phone. I did not give a single thought to the renting of a phone. I bought two ring-up bells from the Western Electric, a branch of the telephone company, two magnets, a few spools of insulated wire, and two La Clanche electric cells, or batteries. I bought three or four discarded poles for fifty cents each. Then a line was strung from the office to my home. In the meantime, I had, with the assistance of Mr. Gohene, a cabinet maker, made two phones, copying the telephones as closely as possible. The ring-up bells worked perfectly, but nary a sound came from the phones.

* * *

"THEN IT STRUCK ME I might try an innovation. I bought two rather good sized horseshoe magnets. These Mr. Gohene sunk into two pieces of black walnut, each pole of this magnet was connected serially, or from positive to negative. Immediately to the uppermost side was sunk a round disk, made from old tin types, supplied to me by Mr. Blackburn. The batteries were junked, and the electric impulses were by the induced current created by the voice. The current, as I understand it, became alternating, instead of direct, as developed by the chemical action of the batteries. The second phones worked almost to perfection, and they were in daily use up to the time the Bell people re-entered the field.

* * *

"ACCIDENTALLY I HAD NOT committed an infringement. I may add that the city council, by proper resolution, granted me a franchise to string wires anywhere in the city, at any time I might desire to do so. That I owned such a franchise was blotted out of my mind, up to the time the Tri-State entered the field in Grand Forks.

* * *

"ELECTRICIANS HAVE INformed me that my not-invention, but discovery, was at that time an entirely new principle in the filed of electric communication."

IN THE RATIO OF RADIO INstruments to inhabitants North Dakota stands almost exactly in the middle of the list of the 48 states and the District of Columbia. Forty per cent of the homes of the state are equipped with these instruments, according to department of commerce figures. The greatest concentration of radios is in New Jersey, where 63 per cent of the homes are so supplied. Eight states and the District of Columbia have percentages of 50 or more. They are: New Jersey, 63; New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts with 57 each; Illinois, 55; Connecticut, 54; District of Columbia, 53; Wisconsin, 51, and Michigan, 50. The lowest percentages are in South Carolina and Arkansas with 9 each. In all of the above decimals are omitted. Illinois and Pennsylvania are the only two states having more than a million instruments each. Pennsylvania has 1,075,127 and Illinois 1,072,995 and their percentages are respectively 55 and 48. In the entire country there are 12,048,762 radios, or almost exactly one for each ten persons.

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IN RESPONSE TO MY SUGgestion that published checker problems might be made simpler for the novice if accompanied by a statement of the smallest number of moves required for a win, L. W. Dunkin of Drayton supplies a neat little problem in which white is required to win in six moves. All checker players are familiar with the numbering of the board, so they may figure this one out at their leisure:

Black men on 4, 14, 18; black kings on 12, 19, 29.

White men on 11, 20, 21, 26, 27; white king on 7.

White to play and win in six moves.

* * *

MR. DUNKIN ALSO SENDS this little mathematical problem:

* * *

FISHERMEN ON A LAKE rowed their boat up to a tree which stood in the water and which they measured and found to measure 30 feet above the surface. By bending the tree until its top touched the water they found this spot to be 40 feet from the point at which it originally emerged. Assuming that the tree was perfectly rigid and that the bending was only at the root, how deep was the lake?

* * *

I HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF not publishing the answer to the problem of the grazing oxen. Perhaps I am guilty. It is easier to give it again than to look it up. Under the terms of the problem 36 oxen will graze for 18 weeks on 24 acres. The detailed solution would occupy considerable space because ordinary type does not lend itself to concise mathematical statement, but for any who had trouble in getting a start on this I can give a lead which, if followed, makes possible the solution which I found simplest and most direct.

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RUNNING THROUGH THE problem there are the two factors of the accumulation of feed on an acre at the beginning of each period, which is consumed and not replaced, and the growing grass which renews itself continually. I found it convenient to let X represent the number of oxen that can graze continuously in the new grass on an acre. On this basis it is easy to find the value of X is .9 and that the growing grass on 24 acres will support 21.6 oxen continuously. Applying this to the rest of the problem it is found that the old grass which has already grown on 24 acres will support 14.4 oxen for 18 weeks. The total of these is 36. Only a little simple algebra is required in the solution.

* * *

DAVID CLEARY OF CONcrete sends the greater part of the verses on "Signs of Rain" which he quotes from memory. Mr. Cleary says he learned the verses in his school book in Ireland about fifty years ago. The lines have had a wide circulation, and several persons have written of learning them in school in this country.

* * *

I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH modern school practice, but I take it that less memory work is generally required now than formerly. I have no quarrel with that, as in the old-fashioned school there were subjects in which memory was used as a substitute for reason, which is not desirable. Yet there is a place for memory work, and I hope we are not abandoning it. There are bits of verse, amusing or beautiful, and noble prose passages, which, if learned in childhood are never forgotten, and if not learned then will never be remembered. And only those who have reached mature years can know the satisfaction that there is in being able to enjoy at will those precious jewels of memory which once may have seemed to be of little value.

WHEN YOU LISTEN TO A song or an instrumental selection over the radio you may be contributing indirectly and unconsciously to the maintenance of some composer whose compositions have charmed you years ago, and who has now fallen upon evil days. It runs this way:

* * *

COPYRIGHT MUSICAL PRODuctions may not be reproduced commercially without permission of the copyright owner. The owner may deal with the reproducer directly or by agent. Many composers are members of the society of Composers, Authors and Playrights, which deals with the radio people and collects from them royalties on the material used. For its services the society charges a commission, and out of the fund thus obtained pensions or other payments are sometimes made to composers or authors in need, even though their claims may be only sentimental.

* * *

THE RADIO LISTENER DOES not participate directly in this arrangement, but it is his interest or supposed interest in the selections given which makes possible the collection of royalties, and thus the distribution of pensions. One such pension is now being paid to James W. Blake, now 76 years old, who years ago wrote the words for "The Sidewalks of New York," will receive a pension of $25 a week for the rest of his life, according to Gene Buck, president of the society. The board of directors of the society, which is composed of the men and women who are writing 90 per cent of the popular music in America today, has elected Mr. Blake a member and ordered a regular allowance paid to him in recognition of his contribution to the famous song.

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ON JANUARY 15, MR. BLAKE and his blind brother and sister found themselves stranded on the "sidewalks of New York" without a cent. He had lost his job as a velvet salesman a year ago and his savings had been expended. The story found its way into the newspapers and Al Smith, whose name is forever associated with the famous song, immediately called the Emergency Unemployment Relief committee to arrange for financial assistance.

* * *

IN THE MEANTIME, THE American society heard of Mr. Blake's plight. He was not a member because he wrote his song more than thirty years ago and the society was not organized until 1914. His name was unfamiliar to modern day composers. Mr. Buck remembered, however, that a few years ago Charles B. Lawlor, who wrote the music for the song, was in financial straits and the society came to his assistance. Lawlor has since died but the composers looked after him until his death.

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"THE SOCIETY KNEW NOTHing about Mr. Blake," Mr. Buck said. "It knew nothing about Mr. Lawlor either, until just before he died in 1925, but somebody told us and we gave him a lift. We're glad to do the same for his partner."

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MR. BLAKE WAS NOT A PROfessional musician. He would write the words for songs and send them to Lawlor or some other composer. He wrote the words for "The Sidewalks of New York" in half an hour, he says, between business talks with the customers who came into the store in which he was employed. He and Lawlor received $5,000 for the copyright of the song. Both of them passed from public attention and it was not until the famous 1924 Democratic convention in New York that any effort was made to discover who wrote the song that electrified the sullen assembly. Popular curiosity led in the discovery of Lawlor, who was in comparative poverty in Brooklyn. The society immediately pensioned him.

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IN HIS TALKS WITH MR. Blake, Mr. Buck said, it developed that he had also written the words for "What You Goin' to Do When the Rent Comes 'Round," the song made famous by Lew Dockstader. The music for this song was composed by Harry von Tilzer, now one of the directors of the American society, and the words had generally been attributed to Andrew B. Sterling. "If he wrote that song," Mr. Buck added, "more power to him. I never knew who wrote it and always wondered."

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WHILE NOT GENERALLY known, the society for years has been paying pensions to the widows and children of several composers and in some cases has even buried the men who wrote songs that are still heard nightly over the far-flung radio chains. Only recently W. C. Handy, composer of "St. Louis Blues" and "Memphis Blues," pointed out that the society had been sending regular remittances to the daughter of Stephen Collins Foster who wrote "The Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," and other famous songs.

MERRITT JOHNSON, INstructor in piano at Wesley college, read with interest the mention of the Fisk University jubilee singers in this column a day or two ago, because the present director of the company, Ray Francis Brown, was a college mate of his at Oberlin, and the two became warm friends. Mr. Brown went to Fisk several years ago, then took up work elsewhere for a while, but is back again training the colored singers.

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I KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT training was given the singers of the first company, but no white person appeared in public in connection with their concerts. Mr. Brown may be one of several white directors of the company in later years. In the first company the leader—and I should call him the director—was a tall, intensely black man named Loudin who had a rich and powerful bass voice, and who made brief announcements. Loudin was born in slavery, as were several other of his associates. He gave the impression of education and refinement, spoke readily, and had an abundant fund of humor.

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A. B. DICKEY OF HAMILTON writes that he doesn't quite follow the figures concerning the five high spades in a recent problem in this column. The problem is solved by applying the rule of combinations. Without going into all the details, the number of different hands that can be dealt from 52 playing cards is found by multiplying together 52, 51, 50, 49 and 48 and dividing the product by the product of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. That gives something over 2,500,000—figure it out for yourself.

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THE DECK CONTAINS THE 7 high spades and 45 others. The number of different hands containing none of the high spades is found by multiplying 45, 44, 43, 42 and 41 and dividing the product by the product of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. That will give something 1,200,000, as I recall the figures. All the other hands will contain one or more of the high spades. About 53 per cent of the hands will contain high spades and about 47 per cent will not.

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MR. DICKEY SUBMITS A problem as follows:

Given 6 black balls and 5 white ones in a container. If 4 balls are drawn by chance, what are the chances of getting 2 white and 2 black?

That problem is identical in principle with the card problem. Because of the smallness of the numbers only a little figuring is required, and some of the readers may be interested in working it out.

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MARK ANDREWS OF CASS county proposes that instead of growing wheat our farmers buy Chicago wheat for future delivery at current prices and let their land lie fallow. Verily, as Solomon remarked, under the sun there is no new thing. Something like forty years ago D. W. Hennessy had exactly the same idea. He told me about it many times.

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HENNESSY HAD A PASSION for formulating plans for the correction of whatever was wrong. Naturally, when wheat got down to 40 cents, which it did, Hennessy undertook to fix that. His plan was perfectly simple. Let the farmers, he said, buy wheat on the Chicago market in the spring for September or December delivery. They could make the purchases on very modest margins. Then let them either go fishing or attend to any kind of business other than the raising of wheat. When delivery time came there would be no new wheat on the market. Existing supplies would have been exhausted. The Chicago speculators would be unable to find wheat with which to fill their contracts. They would have to bid against each other for what little wheat there would be. Up would go the prices, and on the day of settlement the farmers could name their own price and the Chicago men would have to pay it.

* * *

HENNESSY EXPLAINED that plan to me in detail many times. It looked first-rate. But, just to satisfy my curiosity, I asked him what he thought those Chicago people would be doing while the farmers were taking their money away from them. Hennessy was disgusted, and he gave me up as a person utterly lacking in imagination.

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IN THE LIST OF MATERIALS selected from the old Ontario store inventory the word "wigging" appeared. The word had a familiar sound, but it could not be placed at first. A little search revealed the fact that the word should have been "wigan" instead of "wigging." The latter form is the one used in the book, and it was probably pronounced often as if spelled that way. The material, however, is wigan, which is described in the dictionary as a kind of canvas-like cotton fabric, used to stiffen and protect the lower part of trousers and of women's dresses, etc., so called from Wigan, a town in Lancashire, England.

IN A TREE DOWN STREET A little way is fastened a bundle of unthreashed oats, which I have no doubt the birds appreciate these cold days when almost everything is covered with snow. Of course the snow must be pretty deep before birds are likely to starve, because the wind soon uncovers weeds and shrubs after each snow, and makes accessible the seeds upon which the birds feed. There is real tragedy for the birds in a sleet storm, for such a storm seals up in ice practically the entire food supply of the birds. Nevertheless, birds appreciate some attention to their food needs in any sort of winter weather.

It has disappointed me to find only sparrows patronizing our little bird restaurant. I had hoped to see a variety of the little creatures but so far the sparrows have been the only visitors. I suppose the other birds,—and there are many that winter with us—keep closer to the timber. Anyway the sparrows are welcome. There are many birds that I like better, but I do not share the strong antipathy that many persons feel toward the humble sparrows.

One writer in birds reminds his readers that in providing feed for birds in winter the matter of grit should not be overlooked. Grit serves the bird somewhat as teeth serve human beings, and without it the birds will starve. Fine gravel and course sand are ideal for the purpose, but almost any sort of fine gritty material will do.

The Canadian government is doing a fine job in the preservation of wild life in its great expanse of unoccupied territory in the northwest. Its buffalo herd—if thousands of animals running completely wild can properly be called a herd,—is by far the largest in the world, and its existence, together with the existence of the herds maintained by the American government and of smaller herds kept by individuals on both sides of the line, give assurance that the buffalo has been saved from the extinction that threatened it a few years ago.

Reindeer can scarcely be called wild, for they are tended and herded. Yet, like the really wild creatures they live out of doors and live on what they can pick up. Both American and Canadian governments have done wonders for the natives of the north in introducing reindeer from Europe. Older residents of Grand Forks can remember seeing the first shipments of reindeer pass through the city on their way from Lapland to Alaska, accompanied by their Lapp herders. Those were the first reindeer sent to Alaska under the direction of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who conceived the idea which has been of such great benefit to Alaska. The American herds now number several hundered thousand, and many of the animals are killed each year and shipped to the states, as otherwise the herds would become too large for the available supply of food.

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IN MARCH OR APRIL OF this year the great drive of reindeer from Alaska to Canada's Northwest Territories it is expected will be completed with the placing of the herd on the winter grazing range to the east of the delta of the MacKenzie river and work of building up a new source of supply of food and clothing for the Dominion's northern natives will be begun. Department of the Interior representatives will take delivery of the herd from the men who have conducted the movement across the thousands of miles of Arctic terrain.

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THE MOST RECENT ADVICE of the herd was contained in a wireless report received by the Dominion Lands Administration of the Department of the Interior to the effect that contact with the herd of approximately 2,300 animals had been effected at Icy Reef, Alaska, about twenty miles west of Demarcation Point, which is the point where the boundary between Alaska and the Yukon territory of Canada reaches the Arctic ocean. A party from the Canadian reindeer station had been sent out on November 22 for the purpose of getting in touch with the drive and to accompany it in the crossing of the MacKenzie. On December 4 they had effected the "contact" and joined those in charge of the movement.

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PREPARATIONS FOR THE reception of the herd were completed early this winter and the stations on both the summer grazing grounds along the coast east of the mouth of the MacKenzie and on the winter range which lies inland along the east branch of the MacKenzie river are ready for the arrival of the reindeer.

AMONG THE SOUVENIRS OF his service as a public official which C. A. Hale has in his archives is a copy of the annual report of E. H. Mix as chief of the Grand Forks fire department filed April 3, 1894, and covering the preceding year. Hale was city auditor at the time, and the report was prepared by him from material furnished by Chief Mix. Hale was appointed city auditor by Mayor L. B. Richardson, who died before the end of his term. H. L. Whithed, an alderman, was elected by the council to fill out the unexpired term, and Auditor Hale continued until the Whithed administration was retired. That was after the election of 1894, one of the most closely contested elections in the history of the city. Mayor Whithed was a candidate for re-election and he was opposed by W. J. Anderson. The rival factions marshaled all their forces and a thorough canvass was made. The election resulted, as a I recall it, in a majority of about 50 for Anderson.

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THE REPORT OF CHIEF MIX deals with some matters which would be almost unintelligible to modern firemen who had not been acquainted with the old volunteer system. At that time the city was operating under a combination system, a small paid department being maintained, supplemented by volunteers who were organized into separate companies and who went on duty only when called. There were five hose companies and one hook and ladder company. In these companies here were enrolled 447 men. The report gives the number of miles run by each company, total 79 4-5; total hours worked, 114; total amount paid to call men, $872.

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SOME COMPLICATIONS HAD arisen through members of companies reporting at fires outside of their own districts, and the chief had assigned definitely to each company the district in which it was to serve except on a second alarm, when all hands were expected to report.

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DURING THE YEAR THERE had been 46 alarms of all kinds. Most of the fires were of slight importance. The total loss was placed at $15,000, host of this at the Higham fire and that at Dow's foundry. Doubtless some of the old members of the volunteer companies can remember attending those fires.

* * *

MENTION IS MADE IN THE report of the fire of June 7, 1893, which destroyed the greater part of the business section of Fargo. Old residents can still remember that day. It was hot and dry and a strong wind blew from the south. News of the fire at Fargo came, and with an appeal for help. Chief Mix reports that the department responded with 2,000 feet of hose and 25 men. The report says that the last 22 miles were made in 20 minutes, "thanks to Engineer Mulligan." And the report continues, "We enjoyed the ride." That ride, it is to be remembered, was over steel rails and not by auto, and a mile a minute was real traveling. Owing to the destruction of hundreds of service pipes in the fire there was insufficient pressure and it was impossible to obtain sufficient water until after 1 o'clock in the morning.

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AT THAT TIME STEAM HAD taken the place of hand power for fire fighting in communities of any size. In an earlier period water was pumped by hand. The pumps were mounted on wheels and equipped with long bars or "brakes" so that several men could work on each side. With the power thus applied water could be sent through a hose with considerable force . Always there was keen rivalry among the hose companies as to which would be first at the fire after an alarm and which would throw the first stream of water. Often the pumps were coupled tandem fashion, water being pumped from one to the next and so on to the fire. In such cases there was often more interest in "drowning" the next crew or drawing the rear pump dry than in the immediate business of putting out the fire.

* * *

I JUST RAN ACROSS AN ITEM relating to a curious animal known as the "otter sheep," of which I had never heard before. According to the article in the year 1791 a male lamb belonging to one Seth Wright, a farmer of Dover county, Mass., was found to have such marked peculiarities that he was kept for breeding. He had unusually short and crooked fore legs and long bodies. His progeny for several generations were similarly marked, but the variety soon died out. It may seem strange that there should be any desire to perpetuate what appears to have been an accidental deformity, but animals of this peculiar breed, known as "otter" sheep, were considered desirable because the deformity of their fore legs kept them from wandering, and especially kept them from jumping walls or fences. This freakish variety became extinct about 1813.

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PRAIRIE SHEEP RAISERS DO not have to contend with the problem of sheep jumping fences, for here our fences are of wire. But in an earlier period and in the timbered sections the keeping of sheep within an enclosure was often a real task. Fences were usually either of rails laid zig-zag or of stumps. A well built rail fence was usually proof against sheep, but when it got into disrepair the sheep were apt to show their relationship to goats by climbing over it. The stump fence was built of stumps with the roots trimmed fairly close and laid side by side and close together. Cattle and horses could not leap it, but sheep would run over it almost as nimbly as cats. Where the fence was intended to restrain sheep the practice was to run a rail or two along the top.

A DOUBLE LUNAR HALO THE other night recalled the lines in Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus":

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And tonight no moon we see.

* * *

A RING AROUND THE MOON is a very common sight, but the spectacle last week was unusual in that there were two rings, one within the other, not quite complete, but each extending well around the moon. It was a cold night, with the suggestion of frost floating in the air, and it was the frost, of course, from which the light was reflected in such a way as to create the appearance of luminous circles.

* * *

IN SUMMER A RING AROUND the moon is one of the natural "signs" which usually indicates a change in the weather within a few hours. The haze which overcasts the sky and makes the halo possible is usually the precursor of a storm of some kind. The ring, whether as to moon rings or sun dogs, is less reliable in winter, for the frost in the air which produces these rings or partial rings is quite as apt to come in advance of clear weather as otherwise.

* * *

THE MOST PECULIAR LIGHT phenomenon that I ever witnessed occurred forty-odd years ago toward the middle of the day. It was on a rather mild winter forenoon with the sky a solid gray mass through which the sun could be seen distinctly, but faintly. Presently the whole formament was filled with luminous circles, the major one surrounding the sun at about the distance at which a ring is usually seen around the moon. Other circles, of lesser diameter, filled the whole heavens. They were arranged in a great geometric pattern, each crossing one or two others. At their intersections the double light effect brightened the spot and created the appearance of another sun, very dim, but distinctly brighter than its surroundings. That appearance lasted an hour or two and then the curious bands of light faded out. I had never seen anything of the sort before, nor have I since seen it repeated.

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A WRITER IN THE COUNTRY Gentleman writes interestingly of the flower garden. In the spirit of a real lover of flowers he discusses annuals, perennials and flowering shrubs. The subject is pertinent just now, for while in this latitude we are still some weeks from flower planting time, the urge of spring is beginning to be felt, imagination clothes the snowy back yard in summer dress, and the seed catalogue assumes its proper place as one of the most popular publications.

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN writer enumerates some of the flowers that appeal to him as desirable for the owner of a small garden. It is interesting to see that while he appreciates many of the flowers that have recently become popular, he recognizes the beauty of many of the old favorites, zinnias, cosmos, marigolds, larkspurs, coxcombs, snapdragons, pinks, hollyhocks and iris. All of these were familiar to our grandmothers. They were grown in thousands of gardens and neighbor traded seed with neighbor, and occasionally new and beautiful strains were produced, no one knew how. Today's varieties are vastly superior to the common run of years ago. They have been selected and developed until they have become larger and more colorful, but the suggestion of the old-fashioned garden is still with them and around them clings the fragrance, not only of their own perfume, but of the associations of former years.

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ONE CHARMING OLD FLOWER, the balsam, has been omitted from the writer's list. For some unknown reason the balsam seems almost to have dropped out of sight, but, like its sisters, it has been tended and selected by accomplished professional growers until it is really a royal plant. It is about as easy to grow as mustard or thistles, and when it has plenty of rich garden food and water its spikes in the fall are masses of brilliant color. The individual blossoms resemble tiny roses, and these are set thick on long branches. The plants should be given plenty of room in order to get the effect of the brilliant blossoms and the rich green foliage.

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A FEW DAYS AGO I MENtioned the rapidly increasing herds of buffalo in this country and Canada. An eastern newspaper article says that in the Yellowstone park there are 1,016 adult buffalo and 200 calves. It was found necessary to kill 250 last fall in order that the range might not be overstocked. The meat was given to Indians who live in the vicinity. On the vast ranges of northern Canada there were 6,300 head last fall, and 1,200 were slaughtered to prevent too great increase. A certain proportion of the Canadian animals are distributed pro rata among the principal cities, the meat being sold to dealers in those cities, the purpose being to make a few cuts of buffalo meat available to the people of the country generally, as they wish to buy it. Meat from the less choice animals is given to the Indians in the vicinity of the herds.

A LETTER FROM E. E. Fletcher of Langdon brings up the subjects of golf and dreams, both of them interesting. Mr. Fletcher writes:

* * *

"I NEVER DISCARD THE Herald without first giving your column the 'once over' and I assure you that I get a great deal of pleasure out of it, and I hope you will continue to publish it for a good many years to come.

* * *

"I THINK THAT YOU HAVE touched on nearly every subject in your column with the exception of 'dreams.' I had a very good friend relate to me recently a very vivid dream and he was wondering whether it had any special meaning.

* * *

"THIS FRIEND TOOK UP golf last year. Our par is 37 for the nine holes and he usually makes it in the Civil war score of 'out in 61 and back in 65' with the exception of one day last summer when he was feeling poorly and actually made it in 42.

* * *

"HE WAS AGAIN FEELING poorly a few weeks ago, but our golf course is buried under six feet of snow, so all he could do was dream about golf.

* * *

HIS STORY IS THAT HE MADE a round with his usual golfing sidekicker and wound up with a par score of 37. Two of his friends were at the 9th green when he finished and of course they asked him his score and he told them the truth in a very modest way and they immediately told him he was a blankety blank liar. He offered to prove it by going around again, and on that second trip his score was one under par. About this time he awoke, and since then he has been pawing the air waiting for the opening of the season.

* * *

"I DO NOT REMEMBER EVER seeing you making the rounds at the Forks and possibly you are not in position to properly interpret this dream, and if so I am wondering whether our friend Charley Murphy could give us the right hunch on the dream. If he cannot help out, possibly Dr. Law could do so."

* * *

MR. FLETCHER IS RIGHT IN his surmise that I don't play golf. Several times I have thought of trying it, but I never was good at learning languages, and what I have heard I judge the vocabulary of golf to be both extensive and intricate. I won moderate distinction at marbles, and my record at croquet would have been excellent if the arches had not interfered with some of my best shots.

* * *

I HAVE CONSULTED MURphy and Law, and they agree that Mr. Fletcher's friend should be psychoanalyzed. They say that his dream is contrary to all the rules, and that in it, instead of achieving the impossible, he should have worn himself out making futile swipes at the ball, never hitting it, but fanning the air or plowing up the turf instead.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF philosophizing over this matter of dreams, and there has been read into them meanings, usually sinister, which I do not believe are there. I do not believe that when one dreams of committing a murder he is really and necessarily a murderer at heart and is restrained from crime only by fear of punishment or of violating the conventions. Under normal conditions the tendencies which are common to all of us are in rather nice balance, each serving as a check on the others, or perhaps as a stimulus to others. In the imperfect sleep of the dream state some of our faculties are awake and some asleep, and the result of wild extravagance of thought. The rooster with half his head cut off wobbles around in an erratic way. That is not evidence of repression and inhibitions, but merely of the fact that the rooster is not all there at the moment.

* * *

J. E. DEARY SENDS IN A correct solution of the partly submerged tree problem, and he and Henry McLean give solutions of Mr. Dunkin's interesting checker problem. Mr. McLean has slipped in one or two places in his numbering of the squares, but it is apparent that he has made the moves correctly. He says the problem reminds him of old times, from which I judge he played checkers in the old days back east.

* * *

AS ONE OLD TIMER TO A lot of others I rise to remark that in its actual effect on human sensations Monday, February 5, was one of the coldest days in my experience. There have been innumerable days when the temperature was lower, but the combination of low temperature, strong wind and what seemed to be excessive humidity for winter got right to one's bones and marrow. And this winter all through seems to prove that if the climate has been changing it is now changing back. B-r-r-r!

A FRIEND ASKS FOR HELP in finding the poem containing these lines:

I had a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time.

His recollection is that the poem was in one of his old school books, but the books are gone and with them the poem. A copy will be appreciated if any reader has it.

* * *

WHAT CURIOUS BITS OF INformation are recorded in clippings stored away in scrap-books, old envelopes and wallets! And in what curious ways has such information been passed from hand to hand! Here is a clipping from the Herald of February 12, 1923, recalling a fox chase at Walhalla on February 6, 1906. The item did not originate with The Herald, but was rewritten from a story just then published in the Walhalla Mountaineer. Reproduced in The Herald the item was clipped, presumably, by John A. Wright, who had participated in the chase, and who at that time was a conductor on the Great Northern. Mr. Wright now lives in Tacoma, and, something having reminded him of the fox chase, he sent the clipping to J. C. Sherlock, another of the fox chasers, who has turned it over to me. The story being again started on its travels may be turned over to some other columnist a generation or two hence.

* * *

THE CHASE SEEMS TO HAVE been an elaborate affair. Mr. Wright was president of the meet. Governor E. Y. Sarles started the chase. Judges were Ed Cole of Fargo, James Shea of Wahpeton and J. C. Sherlock of Grand Forks. Six foxes were used and twenty hounds. First prize was won by "Windsplitter," a hound owned by J. C. Sherlock. The fact that Sherlock was both a judge and the owner of the winning dog will not surprise those who know him, for Sherlock has always been addicted to getting what he went after.

* * *

SOME ONE MENTIONED THE other day seeing a street thermometer that registered 49 below zero, and it is quite likely that the owner of that thermometer is convinced that it registered the temperature correctly because he has always found it to tally closely with the official instruments. One runs across that notion quite often. Ordinary thermometers register correctly all through the range of moderate temperatures and they are therefore assumed to be accurate at all temperatures. This is possible, but it does not follow. A thermometer may be correct through a considerable range and then prove wildly erratic at either very high or very low temperatures. It is doubtless because of that fact that there are so many persistent reports of phenomenally low temperatures in the early days before official observations were made and records kept.

* * *

PROFESSOR SIMPSON, OF the University weather station, reminds us that minus 44 is the lowest temperature ever officially recorded at the Grand Forks station in the 41 years of its existence. That low point was reached on February 1, 1893. January 11, 1912, gave us minus 43, and January 13, 1916, minus 40. Since then the temperature has not reached 40 below zero. The temperature of 33 below, which was recorded on Monday night or Tuesday morning, is the lowest recorded here for three years. This is being written on Wednesday evening, and the prospect now is that tonight will be the coldest of the season. There is always a certain fascination about breaking records, and if Professor Simpson should tell us tomorrow that we have just had a temperature of 50 below, I suppose we should all feel proud of it.

* * *

SEVERAL ANSWERS TO THE problem concerning the black and white balls have been received, all of them wrong. The problem is: If six black balls and five white ones are placed in a container, and four balls are drawn, what are the chances of drawing two blacks and two whites each time?

The chances are 150 out of 330, or 45 plus.

There are 330 possible combinations of four. In 60 of these there will be 1 black ball each; in 150, there will be 2; in 100 there will be 3; in 15 there will be 4; and in 5 groups there will be no black balls. The principle involved is that which governs in the card problem published some time ago.

* * *

I SEE THE BILL FOR REpeal of the law prohibiting the drawing of checks where there are no funds has been killed, and just when I had got a new check book and refilled my fountain pen. Tough luck!

A POEM ON LINCOLN HAS been copied from clippings in an old scrap book by Mrs. Nellie Chapin Burns, of Euclid, Minn., and arrives just at the right time. Mrs. Burns is the daughter of the late Dr. J. S. Chapin, who was my first family physician when I set up in the family business nearly fifty years ago, and who remained a loved and honored friend until his death.

* * *

DR. CHAPIN WAS THE COUNtry doctor par excellence. He began his practice at Euclid when most of the Red river valley was unbroken prairie, where there were no roads, and when his patients were often many miles distant and miles apart. He drove through winter storms and spring floods, by daylight and in darkness, and nothing but sheer physical impossibility ever kept him from the bedside of a patient in distress. He brought with him both the skill of the trained physician and the cheer and sympathy of the helpful friend. He died as he had lived, in active service. At the home of a patient whom he had driven miles to see, after doing what was needful he lay down to rest a little while, and then, in peaceful sleep, he passed on.

* * *

THE LINCOLN POEM, WHICH has been republished many times, is as follows:

* * *

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

By EDWARD ROLAND SILL.

Were there no crowns on earth,
No evergreens to weave a hero's wreath,
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
Could there on our unworthy earth be found
Naught to befit his worth?
The noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very heaven should fall!

* * *

Ah, not for him we weep;
What honor more could be in store for him?
Who would have had him linger in our dim
And troublesome world, when his great work was done?
Who would not leave that lone and weary one
Gladly to go to sleep?

* * *

For us the stroke was just;
We were not worthy of that patient heart;
We might have helped him more, not stood apart,
And coldy criticized his works and ways;
Too late now, all too late—our little praise
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

* * *

Be merciful, O God!
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never, til a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the mounded sod.

* * *

Yet, what a deathless crown
Of Northern pine and Southern orange flower,
For victory, and the land's new bridal hour,
Would we have weaved for that beloved brow—
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now
We lay our cypress down.

* * *

O martyred one, farewell!
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone;
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
Of power, of love, of trust—a prophecy,
Whose fair fullfilment all the earth shall be,
And all the future tell.

* * *

IN DIFFERENT VEIN IS ANother quotation, this from the London Times of unknown date:

* * *

A MONDAY CHRISTMAS.

(From the London Times)

"CHRISTMAS DAY FALLS ON Monday this year. It fell on Monday also in 1865 and on that occasion the following was unearthed from, it was stated, the Harleian Mss., No. 2252 folio 153-4.

If Christmas Day on Monday be,
A great winter that year you'll see,
And full of winds both loud and shrill;
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be and strong,
Full of tempest lasting long;
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealeth aught;
Though thou be sick, thou diest not."

* * *

THE COMPILER OF THAT INteresting bit of folk-lore is not quite as specific as might be desired concerning the year which is governed by the Monday Christmas. Presumably the winter affected is that in which the Monday Christmas occurs. Christmas day in 1933 will fall on Monday, which makes next winter look like a tough one. Perhaps we had better enjoy this one, even if it is somewhat strenuous.

A BRIEF NEWS DISPATCH records the death at Hot Springs, Arkansas, of W. W. Gentry, at the age of 76 years. The name means nothing to the younger generation, but children of some 30 years ago looked eagerly for the periodical appearance of the Gentry dog and pony show which W. W. Gentry founded and operated for years.

* * *

WHEN THE GENTRY SHOW first appeared in Grand Forks it was a very modest affair, bearing little resemblance to the mammoth circuses which were operated by the Ringlings, the Forepaughs, Barnum & Bailey and the other big guns in the show business. It was strictly an animal show and it carried no chariots or other glittering paraphernalia which lent color to the circus parades of those days. As the parade was an essential part of the tent show of those days, Gentry gave one, but the sole wheeled vehicle used in the parade was a hack hired from a local livery for the purpose and drawn while other ponies hitched tandem while other ponies were led by local youngsters who were envied by all their companions for the honor of having been chosen for that duty. Riding in the hack were the dogs, two or three dozen of them, I should say, posed in such a way as to give the most spectacular effect.

* * *

THE SHOW CONSISTED ENtirely of stunts by the animal performers in which remarkable intelligence was shown. Concerning dogs Mr. Gentry made a statement which I have heard from several other quarters, that there seems to be no connection between general intelligence and pure breeding. He said that some of the most intelligent dogs that he had ever handled were just plain mongrels, such as one might find in almost any alley.

* * *

GENTRY BROUGHT HIS show to Grand Forks several times. Each year it was larger and more elaborate, until at length it became a small circus and lost its original distinctive character. My impression is that it was bought by one of the larger show companies and operated for some time under the Gentry name. I have not seen it mentioned for several years.

* * *

THE RETIREMENT OF ANtonio Scotti from the operatic stage brought forth considerable comment in appreciation, and sometimes in appreciation of the great baritone. Olin Downes, of the New York Times, while praising Scotti as a great singer, said that he had not a beautiful voice. That started an argument at once, and one of Scotti's admirers took exception to the statement, saying Scotti in his younger days had an unusually beautiful voice, although he admitted that Scotti had used his voice recklessly in his operatic roles and had thus impaired its quality.

* * *

I DON'T KNOW ON EXACTLY what basis a voice would be adjudged "beautiful" or otherwise, but one statement by Scotti's defender surprised me. It was that in quality Scotti's voice so nearly resembled that of Caruso that in certain passages it was practically impossible to tell which was which. According to his statement one of the phonograph companies which recorded Caruso-Scotti duets attached notes to the records explaining which of certain passages were sung by the great tenor and which by the great baritone, as otherwise it was impossible to tell the difference.

* * *

I AM AFRAID THAT O. O. McIntyre, who performs daily and excellently on this same page, has an incurable "hate" on Beatrice Lillie, for about every so often he pans her unmercifully. I suppose everyone is entitled to his pet antipathy, and it takes differences of opinion to make other things than horse races interesting. However, to me Beatrice Lillie is a brilliant comedienne, worthy of the place which she has held for years on the New York stage. I saw her once only, and since then mention of her name has revived recollections of an evening of clever acting and pure fun. For that reason, and because I don't think she is getting a square deal, I'm going to see her again if I ever get the chance. So there!

* * *

DURING THE STORMY PEriod on Friday forenoon Professor Simpson called my attention to the halos and sun dogs which were visible at times when there was a partial break in the clouds, and which he said were the most remarkable in brilliance and number that he had seen in 20 years. I got only a partial view of the spectacle, as the clouds thickened up almost immediately, but what I saw of the display was brilliant. Friday's storm was the most sudden in its onslaught of any that we have had here in many years. Imagine the condition of a person caught in such a storm 40 years ago with no road other than a meandering prairie trail and the nearest habitation miles away. Is it any wonder that the early settlers learned to scan the horizon carefully before setting out on a journey?

DR. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, former publisher of the Outlook, who died last week at his home in New York, made a brief visit to Grand Forks along in the summer of 1925, as nearly as I can recall the time. He was in charge of a trainload of young people who, as members of a patriotic society, were making a tour of the Northwest and visiting spots of historic interest on their way to the coast.

* * *

THE PARTY DID NOT VISIT the downtown district, but the train stopped at the University, where there was presented a pageant featuring, among other things, the Red river cart. There was also given a demonstration of the making of pottery from North Dakota clay. In all of this Dr. Abbott and the young people with him were intensely interested. That section of the program had been arranged by the University people, and every number was carried through strictly on schedule time, which was necessary because the train was running on a close schedule.

* * *

THERE WAS ALSO A SPEAKing program, which had been arranged by somebody, not Dr. Abbott, in temporary charge of the train, and for that part of the program the University people were not responsible. That didn't go so well. Hunderds of people from the city and surrounding territory had assembled to greet the visitors and especially to hear Dr. Abbott, who was a man of national reputation. Instead of that they listened to speaker after speaker of whom they had never heard, and whom they had no particular desire to hear, until, when Dr. Abbott, the speaker of the day, was called on, there was about five minutes left for him.

* * *

THE CROWD WAS DISAPpointed, but Dr. Abbott took it good-naturedly. Perhaps he welcomed the opportunity of getting by without having to make a regular speech. In a brief chat during the pageant he showed lively interest in the development of a real university at a small prairie city where, only a few years before, there had been only the open plain and wandering buffalo. A chance remark concerning the dramatic talent with which the city had been favored touched a responsive chord, for he was a lover of the drama, and the incident led to a later exchange of letters which gave me, at least, a great deal of pleasure.

* * *

IN SORTING OVER OLD FAMily papers Miss E. Everson found letters written during the Civil War period, the reading of which seems to bring one close to the days of Abraham Lincoln. One of the letters is from Miss Everson's great-uncle, Mark Howard, of Hartford, Connecticut who was president of a large insurance company, and who was one of the delegates to the convention that organized the Republican party. The letter, written November 17, 1860, to Mark Howard's brother Luke, says that the writer expects to leave Monday "on a visit to Abraham Lincoln, our president-elect." Lincoln had just been elected.

* * *

ANOTHER LETTER DESCRIBed the shock with which Mr. Howard had learned of the assassination of Lincoln and the loss which the nation had sustained in his death. There is also expressed the thought that perhaps Lincoln's work was done, that his sympathetic nature might not have permitted himself to punish the south properly, and that a suitably vigorous policy might be expected from President Johnson.

* * *

MARK HOWARD'S BROTHERin-law, a New York banker named Lee, was an honorary pallbearer at Lincoln's funeral, and Thomas Howard, a younger relative, from a balcony of the Sherman hotel, viewed the passage of the funeral cortege through the streets of Chicago.

* * *

CHARLES ALLEN HAS DIrected me to the source of the lines beginning "I saw a vision in my sleep," for which a friend inquired the other day. The lines occur in Campbell's poem "The Last Man." The poem has eight stanzas of ten lines each. The first two read:

All worldly cares shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!
The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rested in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound or tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

* * *

THE COMPLETE POEM CAN be found in any collection of Campbell's works, and it appears in many anthologies. Mr. Allen remembers it as being in a school book in Ireland .

AMONG THE BITS COPIED from the scrap-book in the possession of Mrs. Nellie Chapin Burns, of Euclid, Minn., is this relating to the writing of "Nicholas Nickleby:"

* * *

"WHEN 'NICHOLAS NICKLEby' came out in monthly parts, just before it reached its conclusion a London dramatist fixed it up for the stage. In his drama he make Smike become the acknowledged son of Ralph Nickleby, and his heir, and succeed to prosperity and happiness. This was really Dickens' idea of ending off with Smike. He killed Smike in order to avenge himself on the dramatist, and so gave the world, by that accidental turn, a pathetic scene that is second only to the description of the death of Little Nell."

* * *

LIKE OTHER WRITERS OF his time Dickens had to defend himself against pirates as best he could. Another story is of the change which he is said to have made in the pot of "David Copperfield" for a similar reason. The story is that when the novel was well along in its serial publication, and the public had taken it for granted that Copperfield would marry Agnes, as a matter of course, some thief finished up the book, whether for the stage or for other publication, and carried out that idea. Then Dickens, who had intended all along to do the obvious thing and marry David and Agnes, brought Dora upon the scene, made her the child-wife of David, gave the world some exquisite bits of description, and kept Agnes waiting until after Dora's death near the end of the book.

* * *

STILL ANOTHER CONTRIBUtion for which I am indebted to Mrs. Burns is Bayard Taylor's poem on Horace Greeley, which is in form and spirit so like Sill's poem on Lincoln published a few days ago that the two might have been penned by the same hand:

* * *

HORACE GREELEY.

I.

Was there no other way than this,
Oh faithful Soul, to smite with silence those,
Too base for friends, less generous than foes,
The unrelenting pack
That followed thee, and made along thy track
The boor's coarse jest, the slimy serpent's hiss?
Was there no other way than this?

II.

Ah, they to whom the hatred of a clan
Seems nobler than the honesty of man,
Pause, startled, at thy grave,
And where they sought to ruin, now would save!
Their jibes are heard no more,
And, stammering into truth, subsides the lie;
For such a conquest, must thou die,
When Life no less had made thee conqueror?

III.

Too dear the price we pay
Who saw thy patient purpose day by day
Unfolded, that the full design might be
Embodied Love, incarnate Charity,
War's blotches washed away
And God's impartial justice shown in thee!
We stood beside thee at thy post,
And, knowing nearest, loved thee most:
We would have given our bosoms for a shield
Against the arrows sped
To harm thy wise and gentle head,
But in thy goodness thou wert triply steeled!
We knew—as thou didst, never man forebore;
We knew—as thou didst, never man forgave;
Art still, o brain, high Duty's patient slave?
O heart, devoid of malice, beat'st no more?

IV.

For all your silenced slanders, give us worse!
Renew the loathsome noises of the fight,
Forgetfulness of what he did, and spite
Of party hate, the nation's waxing curse,
So ye for us preserve
One honest man, like him, who will not swerve
From what the large heart dictates to the brain!
Or, call him back again
Who felt where others planned;
Who cast away the mantle of a name,
And saw his naked nature turned to blame;
Who narrower fealties beneath him trod,
In stern consistency to God!
There is no child in all the land,
But might have craved the blessing of his hand:
There is no threshold but his feet
Might cross, a messenger of counsel sweet,
Of peace and patience and forgiving love,
Of toil that bends and faith that looks above.

V.

In vain! Our cry is vain!
We can but turn, pure soul, to thee again.
So much of large beneficence thy mind
For all the race designed,
So much thy heart inclosed of brotherhood
And ardent hope of good.
Thou leavest us thyself in these behind!
We cannot grieve as those who do not trust:
We knew thee nearest, loved thee most,
And thou, a sacred ghost,
Already risen from thy fallen dust
Speak'st, as old, to us: "Be firm, be pure, be just!"

A FARMER SOUTH OF JAMESTOWN tells of being housed up for nearly a week by stormy weather, and of many of his neighbors being put to hard straits for fuel. Some of them ripped partitions out of buildings for fuel and others mixed what little fuel they had with barley to get additional heat. It has seemed strange to me, not that grain has occasionally been used for fuel, but that we have heard so little of it recently. When I first began to hear of Kansas, which was probably more than sixty years ago, I associated the state with two facts, first, that in that state grasshoppers stopped the trains, and second, that the Kansas people burned corn instead of coal or wood in their stoves. The vision that I had of the grasshopper marvel was that the hoppers were massed in great drifts so high and dense that locomotives could not plow through them. The idea of the crushed insects making the rails too slippery for traction was not communicated to me. As to the use of corn for fuel, that was considered pardonable in an emergency, although the needless burning of that which might be used for food was considered sinful.

Davies

* * *

SINCE THEN VAST QUANTITIES of corn have been used as fuel, and, I believe, with generally satisfactory results. I do not know the price at which corn will yield more heat for a dollar than coal, but there is such a point, of course, and when that point is reached it is sound economy for the farmer to burn his corn rather than haul it to town and exchange it for coal. That applies to all sorts of grain, and with wheat below 30 cents and oats down to 7 cents, there must have been economy in burning low-grade grain rather than selling it, provided the burning could be done in such a way as to yield sufficient heat.

* * *

IN THIS RESPECT CORN IS superior to other grains as fuel, for burned on the cob, it will be surrounded by plenty of air to provide good combustion. The small grains will pack closely and choke off draft. There might be a good thing for somebody in the invention of a burner that would burn grain economically.

* * *

OF COURSE ANYTHING THAT will burn can be used for fuel at a pinch, and there are few combustible substances that have not been so used. I recall one year in which the grain fields bore an unusual quantity of pigweed. That is the familiar weed often known as lamb's quarters and the leaves of which make excellent greens. That year the conditions were just right for this plant, and every field was full of it. After threshing there were great piles of the seed at the edges of the straw piles, and I burned loads of it that winter. Pigweed seed is not altogether a desirable fuel. It gives off plenty of heat, but without proper equipment for burning it requires pretty constant attention in the way of poking to let the air through it. Also, it is unpleasantly smelly, and when stove doors are opened its odor fills the room. Still, when one has nothing else of importance to do he can keep quite comfortable if he has plenty of pigweed seed to burn.

* * *

YEARS AGO A GOOD DEAL of attention was given to the use of straw for fuel. I have written of the straw briquetting process with which Thomas Edison of Larimore experimented. Edison ground straw, mixed it with a binder and compressed the composition into chunks about the size of one's fist. He expected to operate his plant commercially, but it did not work out. Various methods of baling were tried, without much success.

* * *

ONE TYPE OF STRAW BURNER which had the merit of simplicity achieved a moderate degree of popularity. It was simply a rectangular sheet-iron box which held about a bushel and so made that it fitted over the ash-pan of the old-fashioned cook stove. Filled with tightly packed straw this box was inverted over the ash-pan, the cover of which had been removed, and the straw was set on fire. As the straw burned from the bottom the mass settled of its own weight, and if everything went righ the gradual movement of the straw made ample provision for draft. The blaze was carried around the stove, which became thoroughly heated. The burners were used in pairs. When one was empty a filled one was put in its place and the empty one was refilled. There were those who believed for a time that the solution of the straw-burning problem had been found, but the plan involved constant attention and considerable labor and inconvenience and presently it was discarded.

* * *

THERE ARE FREQUENT references in stories of the plains to the use of buffalo chips for fuel by Indians and hunters, and there was a time when that class of fuel could be found almost anywhere on the western prairies. The Mennonite settlers along the Canadian border have a corresponding fuel in dried cow manure which they collect in great quantities and stack up in their yards. The practice is not an adaptation of that followed by the western Indians and hunters, but was brought by early Mennonite immigrants from their European homes.

DURING THE PAST THREE years there has been in progress in the far north a great animal migration, a movement, not of wild animals, similar to the seasonal treks of buffalo through the center of the continent in the early days, but of a vast herd of reindeer which are being moved by easy stages from Alaska to the territory bordering on the Arctic ocean east of the McKenzie river. In December, 1929, the Canadian government bought from an American company in Alaska 2,300 reindeer and started them under the guidance of Lapp herdsmen on the thousand-mile journey to the district beyond the McKenzie river. The great herd will reach its destination sometime this spring and there it will be used as the basis for stocking other of the great northern areas. The purpose is to provide a permanent food supply for the Eskimos of the district as well as material for clothing and other necessaries which are made from the reindeer hides.

Davies

* * *

THE STOCKING OF THAT great area with reindeer recalls a prediction made by Vilhjalmur Stefansson on one of his visits to Grand Forks. Speaking out of his own experience and observation in the far north Stefansson said that he believed that in the not distant future that northern area, which we have been accustomed to regard as barren and worthless, would be one of the most important reservoirs of food on the continent. The fact that the territory is climatically unsuited for agriculture was believed by the explorer to insure its permanence as a source of meat.

* * *

IN OTHER DISTRICTS, HE said, the fact that the country could be developed agriculturally made inevitable the destruction of its possibilities for pasturage on a large scale. While not all of the western range country has been turned into cultivated fields, cultivation has broken the ranges and rendered them unavailable for the pasturage of thousands of head of cattle after the old fashion. There is a northern limit beyond which cultivated crops cannot be grown, and in the existence in that northern region of vast herds of caribou and musk oxen Stefansson saw visions of future possibilities of the production of meat animals sufficient to feed the continent. There the reindeer industry is now being developed on a large scale, and it may be that before long we shall be looking to that territory and Alaska for much of our meat.

* * *

F. L. MONTGOMERY, WHO sells hardware up and down the state, was reminded by a reference to the Fisk University Jubilee singers in this column of a story that he heard some years ago concerning the origin of the familiar spiritual, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

* * *

THE STORY WAS TOLD BY A lecturer on negro folk music whom Mr. Montgomery happened to meet while the lecturer was spending a Thanksgiving in Grand Forks. The lecturer referred to the fact, which is generally known, that most of the negro folk songs, including the spirituals, are of spontaneous origin. At camp meetings and other gatherings a phrase or sentence would be sung or chanted by some one, repeated by another, added to by a third, and little by little a rhythmical composition would take form, and ultimately this would become crystallized into one of the familiar numbers.

* * *

ACCORDING TO THE STORY "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" originated in Washington on the night of Lincoln's assassination. After Lincoln had been removed from the theater to the room across the street where he died within a few hours the street was packed with people waiting for news of the progress of the patient. In the ground was a group of negroes who prayed for the recovery of the wounded president who had signed the proclamation which set the people of their race free. In the emotional stress of those exercises the words and music of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" came into being.

* * *

I HAD NEVER HEARD THAT story before, but it is quite in keeping with what we know of the manner in which much of the familiar negro music was first sung.

* * *

I HAVE THE FOLLOWING letter from A. P. Jones, of Hankinson, secretary of the North Dakota Checker association:

"Mr. John Dearey of Grand Forks kindly sent me a copy of the Herald with your remarks on checkers and the problem by Mr. Dunkin of Drayton. I am glad to have your paper give the game publicity, of which it gets far too little in proportion to other pastimes.

"As to your proposal that checker problems should specify the number of moves in which the win or draw is to be accomplished it is only in accord with the popular idea that a checker problem is a 'puzzle.' A real checker problem is no more a puzzle than your problem of the fishermen and the tree is a puzzle—it is an exact mathematical problem.

"The average chess problem might well be called a puzzle as it sets a position that anybody could win with terms to move and win in so many moves. We occasionally find a checker problem that lends itself to that idea just as the nice position Mr. Dunkin sent in does. In such cases, as you suggested, it might arouse more interest among those studying the game to state the number of moves required.

"However in most positions the opposition could upset your terms by preferring to lose some other way. Take the following position: White, 12, 20, 23; black, 11, 15, king on 4. White to move and black to win. White moves 12-8 and black wins by 15-19, 23-7, 4-2, 20-16, 2-7, 16-12, and black arrives at an absolute win in just four of his own moves. But if the terms were black to win in four moves white might go 23-18 at his first move. Any checker player knows that it would lose but it would take far more than four moves to arrive at the win.

'I think that if you would run more of these checker positions you would be surprised to find how many of your readers are interested in checkers. Many papers have a regular department devoted entirely to checkers. The Winnipeg Free Press has such a department.

"The North Dakota state checker tournament will be held at Fargo this year probably starting March 20 but exact date not determined as yet."

SECRETARY JONES, OF THE State Checker association, and several other checker enthusiasts, would like to see a checker column regularly in The Herald. Just at present the plan is not feasible, but the subject may be taken up at some later time. In the meantime there can be a little occasional conversation about checkers, even without a special department devoted to that subject. I appreciate the force of Mr. Jones' comment on my suggestion that where checker problems are published it would add to the interest if, in some of them, at least, the number of moves required for a win were stated, as is the common practice in the publication of chess problems. I appreciate, also, the fact that there are essential differences between chess and checkers which make different treatment necessary. Nevertheless, there are checker problems, such as that recently submitted by Mr. Dunkin, which lend themselves to the restricted move form of statement.

Davies

* * *

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF excellent chess problems in which one side is required to win in two moves, and which are still sufficiently difficult to tax all the ingenuity of a beginner. A two-move ending in a checker game is so obvious as to present no problem at all. But a six-move ending, such as in Mr. Dunkin's game, requires some figuring. In such a problem, as in the limited-move chess problems ,the result is as inevitable as the operation of mathematical law itself. In all such problems the losing player must move exactly where his opponent wishes him to move, or he is equally helpless no matter where he moves.

* * *

TO ME THE DESIRABILITY of the short, limited-move problem lies not necessarily in its simplicity, for some of them are decidedly involved but that it will attract the interest of the player who, perhaps, has only a limited time to devote to the game and who wants to know what sort of task he has before him. If the checker problem involves only five or six moves, for instance ,and the chess problem two or three, he may carry the thing in his pocket to be figured out while on a street car or waiting in the dentist's office to have a tooth pulled, whereas if there is the prospect that many moves may be required he will wait until a more convenient season, some evening at home when he can set up the pieces on the board after figuring the amount of his income tax, if any.

HENRY McLEAN OF HANNAH sends in this checker problem:

Black men on 1, 2, 3, 5; kings on 19, 27.

White men on 7, 9, 10, 17; kings on 18, 25.

White to move and win.

Mr. McLean furnishes his solution, which I have not worked out on the board, but which I am unable to follow on paper. Will he please restate it, coupling the moves of black and white as they are made, and indicating in each case that the piece is moved from what square to what square?

* * *

THERE IS NOTHING NEW IN the present warfare between railroads and trucks. Nor is the horseless wagon quite the new thing that it is popularly supposed to be. In 1833, the horseless carriage was a regular user of the British highways, at least a dozen "road carriages" making scheduled runs out of London. Goldsworthy Gurney, inventor of the well known "Gurney's", made a test run in 1829 from the war office in London to Bath and return, at an average speed of 15 miles an hour.

* * *

ONE OF THE PASSENGERS reported on the performance of the coach, its manageability, its swanlike flight over Marlborough Hill, in language that would be an inspiration to a modern automobile copy writer. The Duke of Wellington stated that the "Gurney's" were "of great national importance" . . . "scarcely possible to calculate the benefits we shall derive from them." By 1831, several Gurney buses ran on a 45-minute schedule the 9 miles between Gloucester and Cheltenham. In 5 months of service these buses carried 3,500 passengers, without delay or accident, except for a broken axle caused by an obstacle maliciously placed.

* * *

OTHER OPERATORS MET with similar success. One of the Hancock buses hauled trailers with 50 passengers at 10 miles an hour. A Dublin "road carriage" attained a speed of 18 miles an hour.

* * *

ENTER THE MALIGN INFLUence. Turnpike trustees raised their toll gate fees for the road carriage to 12 times those for horse-drawn vehicles, while the farmers, since this new contraption would obviously destroy the demand for horses, organized what may have been the first farm bloc.

* * *

A COMMISSION WAS APpointed to investigate. It reported favorably, even enthusiastically. Nothing happened. A second commission confirmed the report of the first, but the opponents were again successful in preventing parliamentary action upon the toll tax. Later a speed law was passed, limiting mechanically propelled road vehicles to a speed of 4 miles an hour in the country and 2 in towns; also, requiring three persons to drive and a man with a red flag to walk ahead.

ZANGARA, THE MAN WHO attempted to murder President-elect Roosevelt, has something the matter with his stomach. When his discomfort reaches a certain stage he has a compelling impulse to go out and kill a king or a president. Most of us are familiar with the sensations. I can remember times in my boyhood when, after having partaken indiscreetly of unripe apples, I was doubled up with stomach - ache, and I would have been ready to assassinate any dignitary who came within range. At that time science had not given the ailment a name, but that oversight will doubtless be corrected now and we shall be told that society is responsible for the condition of this poor malefactor's stomach and for the consequent brainstorm that resulted in his unconventional performance.

Davies

* * *

THE LAST ACTUAL ASSASsination of a president was that of McKinley, which occurred late in the summer of 1901. The president had delivered an address at the Buffalo exposition and was shaking hands with the people who crowded forward to greet him. Leon Czolgosz, a young anarchist, had mingled with the crowd and came within a few feet of the president, his right hand bandaged as if because of some injury, and his pistol concealed beneath the bandage. It was from this concealment that the fatal shot was fired.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT WAS SHOT on September 6. For a time his recovery was thought possible, but complications set in and he died on September 14. Fred Lincoln, who later served as city editor of The Herald and retired from the position to become secretary of the Thief River Falls Commercial club, was at that time a lieutenant of police at the capitol in Washington, and during part of the time while the president's body lay in state in the capitol rotunda he was in charge of the guard stationed around the bier.

* * *

LINCOLN TOLD ME OFTEN of the emotion shown by Senator Mark Hanna when he came to take his farewell of his old friend. Hanna, he said, bent over the casket, and, his whole body convulsed with sobs, cried, "Oh, William! William!" and was led away with tears streaming down his cheeks.

* * *

HANNA WAS THE MAN MORE responsible than any other for McKinley's election. The two had been warm friends for many years, and Hanna was determined that the modest man from Canton should be president if he could accomplish it. He brought to bear his wonderful organizing ability and with other friends raised a campaign fund which was a marvel for those days, and the size of which became a nine-day scandal. Some of Hanna's methods were subjected to severe criticism, but the recititude of McKinley was never questioned in any responsible quarter.

* * *

AT A RECENT LOCAL MEETing at which the subject of hobbies was discussed and several interesting exhibits were shown, Professor Yoder of the University extension department presented for inspection among other things a pair of dueling pistols of unknown date, but made long before the era of modern firearms. The weapons are of Italian make, of the flintlock type, with stocks beautifully inlaid with silver and of calibre large enough to take an ounce lead ball. The barrels are about 13 inches long.

* * *

IN EXHIBITING THE WEApons Professor Yoder told, without vouching for its accuracy, a legend of dueling practice which had come to him. Duels, according to the story, were of two distinct types, those which were undertaken with really murderous intent and others of a much less sanguinary nature. Where the duel was actually for blood the pistols were fully charged and the shooting was done at close quarters. Then somebody was pretty sure to be hurt. In the duel in which it was understood that the combatants wished to maintain their honorable standing without great risk to themselves or each other a heavy ball was used, but only a light charge of powder. The marksmen were stationed perhaps twenty paces apart. The quantity of powder used was barely sufficient to carry the ball that distance and, perhaps, inflict a light wound. After an exchange of shots under such circumstances, all the requirements of the code having been fulfilled, the slate was wiped clean, the belligerent parties resumed their former friendship, and both acquired prestige from having risked their lives on the field of honor.

* * *

THE OLD DUELING CODE was very strict, and its application was confined to those who came within the classification of "gentlemen." It was not proper for a gentleman to fight a duel with a person of lesser rank, and if such a person insulted a gentleman the proper treatment was to administer a horsewhipping. The code seems to have no provision for the contingency that the attempted horsewhipping might go wrong and the "gentleman" himself come off second best in the encounter. In some book that I have read the writer gives recognition to the aristocratic tradition in his story of an encounter between two of his characters. A young aristocrat administered a sound beating with his fists to one of the hoi polloi, and when it was all over the latter was greatly humiliated to see his late adversary dusting off his gloved hands. The point was that the superior party has such contempt for his adversary that he would not demean himself by touching him with his bare hands.

A FRIEND WITH A FLAIR for mathematical perplexities has submitted to me the following apparently simple problem in algebra which puzzled him and which has puzzled me: When x squared plus y squared equals 13, what are the values of x and y. Obviously x equals 2 and y equals 3. That is apparent at a glance. But can it be shown algeraically? If so how? There seems to be some revival of interest locally in magic squares, in which numbers are arranged in columns so that when added horizontally or perpendicularly the result will be the same. The simplest of these problems is that in which the nine digits are arranged in a square so that when added perpendicularly, horizontally or diagonally the sum of each column will be 15. That can usually be worked out in a few minutes, and I suppose everyone with a liking for numerical curiosities has done it at some time or other.

Davies

* * *

THE DIFFICULTY OF FORMing such squares increases, of course, with the size of the equare and the number of digits involved. Thus it is more of a trick to arrange the first 16 numbers in a square so that when the columns are added either way the sum will be 34. Or, going a step further we have the square in which the first 25 numbers are arranged in five rows of five so that the sum of each column, added either way, will be 65.

* * *

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IS credited with the arrangement of a square which has some interesting properties. The square has 16 spaces on a side, requiring the use of 256 numbers. Added either way the columns foot up to 2056 each In addition the numbers are so arranged that in any square of 16 blocks within the larger square the sum of all the 16 numbers will be 2056. The Franklin square has several other "magic" qualities. Franklin also arranged numbers in concentric circles divided into segments so that when the figures were added in several different directions they yielded the same result.

* * *

IT MAY BE SOME CONSOLAtion to those who are fond of puzzles, mathematical and otherwise, and who are sometimes accused of wasting time over them to know that a man like Franklin was greatly interested in such things. So, also, were some of the greatest of ancient scientists. Grecian and Egyptian mathematicans worked laboriously over the formation of magis squares, not that the squares themselves were of any use, but in the construction of them there were involved certain mathematical principles which they wished to understand. Also, I suppose they got a lot of fun out of it.

* * *

I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE some of the column readers try the square of five numbers on a side if, they haven't already done so, and send me the result. I should say that there are several different arrangements of the 25 numbers which will give the same result.

* * *

A NUMBER OF US THE other evening listened to an interesting analysis of the recently popular song, "Yes We Have No Bananas." The analysis was credited to Sigmund Spaeth, who, on dissecting the tune, found that it was a sort of mosaic, made up of bits taken from half-a-dozen other familiar tunes. Thus, two or three notes are taken from one piece, four or five from another, and so on until the whole is built up.

* * *

IT IS SAID THAT THIS IS about the way in which much of the popular music of the day has been written, sometimes whole passages having been taken from famous compositions and blended with others into a structure which seems to be new.

* * *

MATHEMATICALLY THERE is a limit to the number of combinations into which any number of notes can be arranged, and theoretically it seems that several billion years hence, if the human race lasts that long and people continue to write music, all the musical compositions of a given length that are possible will have been written and they will have to start all over again. However, by that time most of what has been written will have been forgotten, and as to a great deal of it the world will have sustained no loss.

* * *

WHENEVER THERE OCCURS a natural phenomenon a little out of the ordinary we are apt to check the occurrence with others of like character in order to determine whether no not a record has been broken. It is generally held that the dust storms of a few weeks ago were the worst winter storms of their kind within recollection. This is probably true if the number of such storms occurring in rapid succession is taken into account. But there was one earlier winter dust storm the facts concerning which were recorded, and reference to that at this time may have some interest. The storm occurred on January 18 and 19, 1921, and careful observations of it were made by Professor Leonard P. Dove, of the department of geology at the University of North Dakota, whose article on the subject was published in the University Quarterly Journal in April, 1921. The article thus describes the onset and progress of the storm:

"The first indication of the approaching storm at Grand Forks was a rapidly falling barometric pressure on the morning of the 18th accompanied by an increasing wind velocity during the forenoon. The wind during the day increased from a light breeze in the morning to a high wind with a maximum velocity of 48 miles per hour at eleven o'clock that evening and continued through the night with an average of about 30 miles. The morning of the 19th the velocity again increased, reaching the storm record of 56 miles per hour at 11:30 A. M. The wind during this period, on the 19th, maintained a general southeasterly direction but shifted to the west during the afternoon, averaging about 50 miles per hour until nine o'clock that evening when it dropped to a gentle breeze which continued from the west for the rest of the night."

The purpose of Professor Dove's study was to obtain some facts relating to the influence of wind in the modeling of the earth's surface. For this purpose data were obtained on the quantity of dust deposited by this particular storm. After the storm the accumulated dust was collected from six areas of one square meter each. These samples were carefully dried, screened and weighed. On the basis of these measurements it was estimated that the quantity of dust deposited on the four square miles included in the city of Grand Forks would amount to 3,204 tons, representing a solid train load of 65 cars of 50 tons each.

Also Feb 22/33

IN THE ARTICLE BY PROfessor Dove on the dust storm of January 18-19, 1921, which I quoted in part yesterday, there is an estimate of the quantity of dust deposited on a square mile of surface. The quantity is very large, and the process, if continued through all the dust storms of all the centuries, would result in a great building up of the surface. The purpose of the article, however, was not to suggest that the surface has been raised materially, but that all the surfaces have been mixed and their contour has been changed by the wind. The article quotes one writer who says that it is probable that every square mile of the earth's surface has dust upon it from every other square mile.

Davies

* * *

IT IS APPARENT THAT THE process is that of change rather than of general accretion. The dust deposited in one place comes from some other place. One square yard may be robbed in order to build up another. A change in the wind may reverse the process, and changes in the condition of the soil may have a similar effect. Thus in one year loose material may be blown from a plowed field and deposited on the adjoining meadow. A few years later the former plowed field has become a meadow and the meadow a plowed field and the dust is moved the other way.

* * *

IT IS A FACT, HOWEVER, that the wind is accountable for quite perceptible changes of relative permanence, especially when man takes a hand. Cultivation of the surface makes possible soil movements which would not have occurred otherwise. A road is built, with ditches alongside. Dust is blown in from the adjoining plowed fields and fills the ditch. The ditch is cleaned out and the loose material dumped alongside. Other storms bring in other material from a distance and the process is repeated indefinitely. Thus the land bordering our roads tends to become elevated year after year.

* * *

A SASKATCHEWAN FRIEND told me of an interesting effect of wind in his province last year. During the drouth, fields had become covered with Russian cactus and these plants had been blown to the fences, where they were caught and held. Wind storms then picked up loose surface soil from the fields, and this dust, caught by the cactus, formed great drifts which in many cases completely buried the fences and extended for many feet on either side. In such cases those earth-drifts will probably become covered with grass and form permanent features of the landscape.

AN UNSYMPATHETIC READer has suggested that the double ring around the moon, about which I wrote some time ago, may have been imaginary, and that I had better be careful about my habits, as to being out late nights, and so forth. I spurn the suggestion with becoming hauteur. It is born of a lack of appreciation of the finer things of life. Just as the London washerwoman vowed that she had never seen the Thames look as it appeared in a great picture by a great artist, so my friend thinks that there was no double ring there, merely because he couldn't see it.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT SENDS in two problems, borrowed from the column of A. J. R. in the Minneapolis Journal. One of them is short and simple and the other is very the reverse. he first reads:

I am twice as old as you were when I was as old as you are now. When you are as old as I am now, the sum of our ages will be 63. How old are we now?

That is a variation of the famous Ann problem which has caused many a headache. It may be interesting to compare the two. The Ann problem runs:

Mary is 24 years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

* * *

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BEtween the two problems is that in the one case the age of the older person is given, while in the other there is given the sum of the two ages. The Ann problem has always seemed to me the best of its kind ever published. In concise and compact form it presents infinite opportunities for confusion, although in reality it is simplicity itself. Either problem can be worked by algebra or by rule of thumb.

* * *

THE OTHER PROBLEM IS of exactly the opposite form, being long and involved, and tending to discourage by its very apparent complexity. I don't know the answer, and I am sure I shall not try to work it out. It reads:

* * *

A PIECE OF ROPE WEIGHS 4 ounces per foot. It is passed over a pulley and on one end is suspended a weight and on the other end a monkey. The whole system is in equilibrium. The weight of the monkey in pounds is equal to the age of the monkey's mother in years. The age of the monkey's mother added to the age of the monkey is 4 years. The monkey's mother is twice as old as the monkey was when the monkey's mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkey's mother was when the monkey's was three times as old as the monkey. The weight of the rope or the weight at the end is half as much again as the difference in weight between the weight of the weight and the weight plus the weight of the monkey. How long is the rope?

THIS BEING ANNIVERSARY week at the University of North Dakota, the following letter from Neil Johnson, of Inkster, is timely, and I am sure it will be read with interest by many who recall old days at the U. N. D.: "Every day I read with interest the notes published in the Herald under the caption Yesteryears, and dealing with people and happenings in Grand Forks county thirty years ago. I am able to go back farther than this and call to mind people and events which were more or less outstanding in the county forty-four years ago.

Davies

* * *

"AMONG THE RELICS I HAVE of those distant years are photographs of schoolmates, and copies of the University catalogue for the years 1889-90, 1895-96, 1896-97. The first named gives the total enrollment to be 151 students; the second, 199 students (not counting the summer school ones); and the last mentioned gives the total enrollment as 187 students exclusive of those taking the summer courses.

* * *

ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS I have is of the football team; the picture was taken, I think, in the fall of 1892, and I have the idea that this team was the first to wear distinctive uniforms. There are still many in North Dakota who will remember some of the members of the team; I give their names and addresses as these are given in the catalogue for that year. Rollo P. Currie, Grand Forks; Daniel Johnson, Inkster; Bardi G. Skulason, Mountain; George H. Brennan, Bathgate; John E. Hemstead, Emerado; B. Alex. Griggs, Grand Forks; Nils Johnson, Thompson; Hans Urdahl, Bergen, Norway; John S. Mc. MacNie, University; Goldwin S. Sprague, University; Carl A. Engelbretson, Grafton; Samuel J. Ratcliffe, Larimore; Colby Rucker, University; Prof. William Patten, University; Fred Bechdolt, Grand Forks; Prof. Bechdolt (coach), Grand Forks; Blanchard and Lee whose names do not appear in the 1889-90 catalogue, and one other whose name I am not able to recall.

* * *

"THE 1889-90 CATALOGUE gives the trustees' names: W. N. Roche, Larimore; James Twamley, Minto; C. E. Heidel, Valley City; A. L. Hanson, Hillsboro, and S. W. McLaughlin, Grand Forks. The faculty was made up of Homer B. Sprague, president; Webster Merrifield; H. B. Woodworth; John McNie; Ludovic Estes; William Patten; Miss Jennie Allen, George Hodges, and E. J. Babcock.

* * *

"THE BUILDINGS OF THE university at that time were two in number; old Main which was later known as Merrifield Hall; and the girls' dormitory, later called Davis Hall.

* * *

"MERRIFIELD HALL AT THAT time consisted of a basement and three stories. The upper floor was divided into classrooms which in turn were sub-divided into two or three smaller apartments by means of partitions about seven feet in height. These smaller rooms were used as sleeping rooms and were occupied by the boys, who called their abodes 'bull-pens.' Many a dipper or basin full of water was emptied over the partitions to the sorrow and discomfort of the occupants of the room on the other side; and to the sorrow of the culprits when these could be discovered by a member of the faculty.

* * *

"THE UNIVERSITY IN THOSE old days was far, far away off on the prairie from Grand Forks. There was not a house or tree between the railroad tracks on University avenue and the University. A narrow boardwalk went out for part of the way to the institution. In muddy weather we had to either carry our shoes or use the railroad tracks asa thoroughfare. Students were allowed to attend church in town on Sunday nights, and when returning after church on a stormy night in winter it was a dreary sight to see far in the distance the glimmer of the kerosene lights of the University.

"THIS OLD CATALOGUE ANnounces that 'the cost of board for the ensuing year will be three dollars a week. This does not include washing. . . students must bring sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, towels and toilet soap.' And further, 'use of the bathroom and bath-tub free of charge to students boarding at the University.'

* * *

"THE ONLY BATHROOM FOR the use of the young men was in the boiler-room. The bath-tub was of standard size and shape. It was made of zinc or heavy tin.

* * *

"A FEW NAMES PICKED AT random from the class lists of that time may be of interest. Senior class: Helen M. Bangs, Rapid City, S. D.; Peter Sharp, Caledonia, Joseph Travis, Lafayette, Ore.; juniors: Lillian G. Babcock, University, Beatrice Johnstone, Grand Forks, George F. Robertson, Minto; freshmen: Emma L. Arnold, Larimore, Rollo P. Currie, Grand Forks, Mattie R. Glass, East Grand Forks, Annie D. Smith, Crookston, Minn. Third preparatory: Elizabeth Anger, Cavalier, Florence H. Bosard, Grand Forks, Helen N. Hamilton, Grand Forks, Henrietta Paulson, Grand Forks, Rena M. Percival, Devils Lake. Second year preparatory: Florence H. and George Brennan, Bathgate, Della E. Folger, Niagara, Charles J. O'Keefe, Minto, Bardi Skulason, Mountain.

* * *

"THE CATALOGUE FOR 1895-96 has notice of a summer school for teachers to be held at the University. 'General information to students expecting to avail themselves connected with the building $1.00 will be charged each occupant of the dormitory for the month, students to furnish their own blankets, towels, etc. . . . board at the University $2.75 per week . . . Tuition will be $1.50 for each subject pursued; that is, for each course . . . Besides members of the University faculty Superintendent W. L. Stockwell of the city schools of Grafton, and President J. G. Perigo of the normal school, Mayville, will assist in the work of instruction . . . Students having bicycles are invited to bring them . . . For further information address Joseph Kennedy, manager, Grand Forks, N. D.'

* * *

"THIS JOSEPH KENNEDY IS the same Dean Kennedy who is still at the University, and beloved by every student who ever sat in his classroom. Whenever we older students speak of Dean Kennedy we usually refer to him as Professor Kennedy, the familiar old title seems just a little dearer to us.

* * *

"I HAVE ALSO SOME COPIES of The Student; the oldest copy in my possession is that of December, 1893. In the March number for 1894 is an oration delivered by Henrietta Paulson, '94, on the subject, 'Center to Circumference.' It was delivered before the student body on Washington's birthday, and it would bear repeating today.

* * *

"MY OWN CONNECTION WITH the University was that of a pupil in the preparatory department; but it was enough to give me a lifelong interest and affection for the institution I knew in its pioneer stage of growth."

IN THE PRINTING OF A LITtle problem about the values of x and y the other day two lines of type seem to have been dropped accidentally, leaving only the statement that x squared plus y squared equals 11. On this basis an infinite number of values may be given to x and y. One correspondent has illustrated this by means of a diagram. A moment's inspection will show that the larger of the two numbers may be an infinitesimally small decimal less than the square root of 11 or from that on down to the square root of 5.5.

Davies

* * *

THE PROBLEM AS IT WAS given to me, and as it should have appeared, is this:

x squared plus y equals 7.
x plus y squared equals 11.
Required the values of x and y.

As stated, with these small numbers the values are apparent, but what is desired is the correct algebraic formula.

* * *

ANOTHER PROBLEM SUBmitted by a friend is:

How many acres are there in a square field fences with posts one rod apart so that the field will contain as many acres as there are posts in the fence?

How many acres must the field contain if it is twice as long as it is wide and still contains one acre per post?

* * *

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT wishes to identify the poem which contains the lines:

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

These are the closing lines of one of Moore's poems. In the version which I have the word "ruin" is used instead of "shatter." The complete poem is as follows:

* * *

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomes it too,
And forget his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while ling'ring with you!

* * *

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gl[illegible]y or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with [illegible] that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
S[illegible]ne kind [illegible] murmured, "I wish he were here!"

* * *

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;
And which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

* * *

A LETTER FROM J. B. MATtison of Inkster indicates a lively interest in the game of checkers and presents a clear analysis of the problem sent in by Mr. McLean a few days ago. Mr. Mattison writes:

* * *

"THE CHECKER PROBLEMS and remarks about the game which you are giving in your column are very interesting to us old timers who love the game, and I hope you will find a way of giving a little more space to the checker games and problems in the future. The problem which Mr. McLean sent in is a fine example of neat end game play. The positions are:

Black 1, 2, 3, 5; kings 19, 27.
White 7, 9, 10, 17; kings 18, 25.
White to move and win.

"As the position stands black threatens to take the white man on 7, also white men on 9, 17 and king on 25. Now in a stroke problem like this you have to keep two jumps ahead of the game, so white sets the man on 9 to 6, giving black the choice of taking 2—11 or 2—9. If black takes 2—9, white moves 10—6. As I said before, keep baiting black with two ways to jump. Proceed, 3—10, 17—14, 18—22, 17—26, 25—22, 5—14, 25—13; white wins.

"In case black takes 2—11 move white 10—7, 1—10, 17—14, 10—17, 25—21, 3—10, 21—32; white wins.

"I have tried to show in this analysis the different steps taken in solving the problem, and I hope the young players will see the beauty of this little gem."

* * *

SEVERAL OTHER PLAYERS have sent solutions of this problem. Mr. Mattison sends another problem which will be published in an early issue.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE of President-elect Roosevelt recalls to Mrs. Burns of Euclid, as it has done to many of us, the assassination of President McKinley. Mrs. Burns writes thus of the circumstances under which she learned of the president's death, and also of a remarkable instance of self-restraint on the part of neighbors who, for reasons of conscience, would not read a Sunday paper: "I was a freshman on a college campus at that time and I remember well the grief and rage among the students and the citizens of the city and the suspense with which we watched and listened for news of the president's condition. The day that the news brought despair was Sunday. A newsboy with a stentorian voice pedaled through the college suburb calling—all about the dying president. It was only a little after four in the morning but everyone was wakened and the words fell on our hearts rather than on our ears . The papers were gone from the doorsteps as soon as they were delivered and lights flared up in the houses along the ordered streets dispelling the dimness of the dawn while they read with hushed voices and heavy hearts that there was no hope, and the president was leaving us. The people who lived next to us were Puritan in spirit and did not believe in Sunday papers. Their paper remained—as usual—all day in the mail box beside the door and was not taken in until Monday morning. We looked at the paper as we passed and knew that they must have heard the newsboy's cry and we said to each other that we could not understand how it was humanly possible for anyone to fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to read the latest news concerning the president's condition. Always thereafter, we looked a little askance at them wondering what manner of mind and brand of loyalty they possessed."

Davies

* * *

WE ARE LESS STRICT IN our Sabbath observance than we were once, and in this country the Sunday paper is taken as a matter of course. Canada, however, still looks askance at the Sunday paper, and I have had numerous arguments with Canadian friends on this subject from the standpoint of the people who are engaged in getting out the paper.

* * *

IN THIS COUNTRY THE SIX-day morning paper is published on Sunday morning and not on Monday morning. The newspaper people work into the small hours of Sunday morning and then have all the rest of Sunday to themselves. They return to work sometime Monday, after a full 24 hours off. Where the paper is published on Monday morning the force must work part of Sunday and all Sunday night, unless Sunday is to be stricken off the calendar as a day on which nothing happens. Of course the American metropolitan morning papers are published seven days a week, which is not at all my notion of a good time.

* * *

MY FRIEND E. E. FLETCHer, of Langdon, has been reminded by my story of the dancing prairie chickens of an experience related by his father, who, on going out to the woodpile about sunrise one morning, saw a curious looking animal near by, and on going to investigate, was chased by a muskrat. Mr. Fletcher tells what he considers a still taller story, as follows:

* * *

"ONE OF OUR LOCAL ATtorneys, who is still here, was driving home one dark night several years ago. He was perfectly sober. Suddenly his headlights disclosed on the road ahead of him a huge object which examination showed to be a real live elephant. That same evening a little girl was taken for an auto ride by a kind neighbor. When she returned home her mother asked her whether she saw anything interesting. She answered—'Mama, I saw an elephant.' Her mother immediately said 'Janet, you shouldn't tell stories to your mama.' It was three years before the attorney dared to relate his experience to anyone. The explanation concerning the elephant was that it belonged to a very small circus and was being driven overland to save rail charges."

* * *

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE same elephant that I met one Sunday forenoon between Dugdale and Mentor, Minnesota. I know I have written about that animal. It belonged to a little run-down circus. The thing that impressed me about that animal was its pathetic, woebegone look, as if it were ashamed of the company in which it was seen, and of the low estate to which it had fallen. Fortunately I was not alone that time, and I am prepared to furnish numerous affidavits on the subject upon receipt of a modest sum per affidavit.

THAT "AN OUNCE OF TAFFY is worth a pound of epitaphy" is a maxim that has been ascribed to Chauncey Depew.

Davies

The sentiment is approved by William Schrier of the Speech department of the University of North Dakota, who sends in a little poem by Edward Rowland Sill. The poem, which follows, was suggested to Mr. Schrier by the one on Lincoln by the same author, recently published in this column:

* * *

STRANGE.

He died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him: sudden fame
These suddenly warm comrades gave.
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said, you'd seek his like in vain,—
Gentle, strong, and good: none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Mended, was well; They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues; lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Thanked God they were not such as he;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread;
And made him, living, wish him dead.

* * *

MANY SAYINGS WHICH have become so familiar as to be in almost universal use have become entirely separated from their authorship or reputed authorship. I suppose there are very few persons who could, offhand, give the authorship of the seven sayings attributed to the Seven Sages of Greece. Certainly I couldn't. Yet the sayings are as familiar as any in use. Mention of the Seven Sages brought the subject to mind, and a reference book yielded the information. The Seven Sages and their sayings are as follows:

* * *

SOLON: KNOW THYSELF.

Chilo: Consider the end.

Pitacus: Know thy opportunity.

Bias: Most men are bad.

Periander: Nothing is impossible to industry.

Cleobulus: Avoid excess.

Thales: Suretyship is the precursor of ruin.

Not all of these are usually quoted in the exact form given, but the sentiments expressed find utterance in various terse forms. Doubtless the same ideas were expressed by others long before the Grecian sages were born.

* * *

MAGIC SQUARES, I FIND, are interesting to quite a number of readers, as I have heard from several who were attracted by mention of the subject a few days ago. G. H. Benson, of Lakota, sends in a square of 121 numbers, 11 on a side, with the numbers so arranged that when added perpendicularly, horizontally or on the two main diagonals, the sum of each column is 671.

* * *

TO ARRANGE SO MANY numbers in this manner just by experiment would be an almost impossible task. There are, however, several rules by means of which such squares can be constructed. The system used by Mr. Hanson is the simplest that I have seen, and it was quite new to me until it was explained to me the other evening by A. T. Hanson of this city. It is applicable to any square of odd numbers and it can be worked quite rapidly. It cannot be explained on paper very well without the use of diagrams.

* * *

HERE IS THE CHECKER problem sent in a few days ago by J. B. Mattison of Inkster:

Blacks on 4, 11, 12; king 14.

Whites on 5, 19, 22, 28.

White to move and draw.

Mr. Mattison writes that he found this problem in the North Dakota Checker Association year book for 1925, where it is credited to John Meyer of Pingree.

WELL, THE TULIPS ARE UP, and while that does not mean that spring is here, it does mean that the season is moving along. Last year I was shocked to find tulip shoots well above the ground on February 28, as I was afraid that the shoots would be killed by the later frosts which were sure to come. The frosts came, but the tulips were not injured a bit. During the cold weather there was no perceptible growth, but freezing solid had no bad effect on the plants. This year, because we have had so much more steady severe weather I had no idea that there would be any sign of tulips as early as this, therefore, when I looked the ground over on Sunday and saw the green shoots pretty well along the row I was properly surprised again. The tulips that are now showing above the ground are planted along the south side of the house, quite close to the wall, therefore the building gives them considerable protection. Moreover, I suppose a certain amount of heat reaches the soil through the basement wall, and when the weather moderates, as it has done lately, the bulbs, which have been lying dormant all winter, get into action.

Davies

* * *

THE TULIP IS ONE OF OUR most satisfactory flowers, both because of its brilliant coloring and because of its hardiness. The blossoms may freeze solid after they are fully opened, and then they will thaw out without losing a petal. Planted deep in rich earth the bulbs will last several years without replanting.

* * *

I WAS INTERESED IN reading the other day of the discovery of a spot in the Atlantic ocean where the water is 44,000 feet, or 8½ miles deep, because a few years ago I sailed over that same "deep" when the deepest soundings that had been made there at that time recorded a little over five miles. That great depression is just north of Porto Rico, and at that time the soundings there were the deepest that had been made in the Atlantic. The water there looks no wetter than elsewhere, but the thought that one is riding over five miles —now more than eight miles—of water, straight up and down, does give one a creepy sort of feeling. I think if I should fall in there I should make haste to swim to some place not more than two or three miles deep.

* * *

DR. E. M. STANSBURY, OF Vermillion, S. D., and Mrs. Stansbury, were in the park at Miami when the attack was made on President-elect Roosevelt and saw the shooting although they were at some distance from the front when the attack was made. Dr. Stansbury tells the story in a letter to the Vermillion Republican. The doctor writes that he and his wife tried to get close to the Roosevelt car during the speaking, "but a huge fat lady blocked the way and stood pat, so we could not go close."

* * *

AT THE HOSPITAL DR. Stansbury was recognized by a guard as a visiting physician, and he was admitted to the hospital and watched the professional care given the actual victims of the shooting. Dr. Stansbury draws this picture of Florida as he found it on this visit:

* * *

"ALL THE WAY DOWN BOTH coasts, cities and towns have been started, which now are mute evidences of over-expansion . Many millions of money have been invested in unfinished swell hotels, apartments, homes, lighted, paved streets and sidewalks now again grown up to jungle. Many buildings finished or nearly finished have been the victims of vanalism. Others have not been repaired nor protected from the natural elements and are now of little or no economic value.

* * *

"ONE MODERN STRUCTURE of more than 12 stories, roof on and windows in, goes begging because no one will pay the taxes. Another $2,000,000 club house completely furnished was given to a corporation for sanitarium purposes, two dollars being the consideration. Another 6-story hotel with two 5-story wings, a front facing of one block, unfinished, has been turned into an egg factory.

* * *

"MIAMI HAD STAKED ITSELF out to be nearly as large as Chicago. But the bubble broke too soon and as a result the city is quite scattered. The most outlying districts are fast going back to jungle and the lamp posts, pavements and sidewalks are ruins of a former age. Now and then on such an unused street can be seen a large Florida diamond back rattlesnake, basking in the sun. They are active the year around here.

* * *

"FLORIDA HAS A GREAT FUture, now that the grafters are mostly gone. It will come back with a good healthy growth. The longer people live here the better they like it. Some day Miami will be the largest winter health resort on the Atlantic.

* * *

"I SAID THE GRAFTERS were mostly gone. Not all, however. We went to the egg factory to buy fresh eggs. While there we observed with keen interest how the chicks are raised and when old enough to lay, are placed in an 18-inch cage, alone with food and dripping water always before them. In this wire cage the hen lives, moves, and does her laying. The egg is deposited on a sloping wire bottom, and actually rolls to market, landing in a trough outside the cage where it is sold right "off the bat."

* * *

"WHEN WE WERE THROUGH the man asked me to sign the visitors' register. He had been so kind, that I did so.

* * *

"WE HAD RENTED A QUIET apartment where we hoped no one would disturb us. But the next morning before I had finished breakfast a loud rap came at the door. Who entered but a stock salesman. Alas! I thought that specias was all extinct. Here he was ,and lively as ever. I told him I thought his kind were all dead. "No," said he, "only the good concerns are still selling." "It is 'survival of the fittest.'" He had looked over the list of names at the egg factory.

* * *

"ONE BY-PRODUCT OF THE egg factory is fertilizer, which sells f. o. b. factory for $20 per ton. That, with potash, and coral rock, and rain and sun, will gow anything you wish to eat."